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in their presence that the serpent of Moses will ever swallow up the serpents of the Magicians."

We take leave of this lively writer by recommending the perusal of the book to our readers, and we think our booksellers might find their interest in importing some copies of it. The writer is not blind to Catholic errors any more than to other errors. He is not so enamoured of his subject as to treat it like his mistress, whom he "loved not only in spite of her failings, but even for her very failings." But he shows the bad policy of with-holding emancipation from our Catholic brethren, or attempting to coerce opinions by political disabilities. Let truth stand on its own foundation, without the props of human authority, or of human prejudices, which only disfigure the venerable structure. K.

A Letter addressed to the late Grand Jury of the County of Armagh, with some observations on the subject of Tithes and mode of collecting them; by a Killeavy weaver. 1808; *Dublin, printed by John King. p. p.* 16. *price* 10*d.*

THE assumed name of a Killeavy weaver is not appropriate, for we believe few weavers in this country are so well acquainted with the writings of Junius, Montesquieu, Blackstone, &c. as to quote familiarly from them. Passing by this inconsistency, let us examine the purport of the letter.

Our readers are already acquainted with the proceedings of the two last grand juries of the county of Armagh, on the subject of tithes, as referred to in our political retrospect, for December, written before we saw this pamphlet. This letter appears to have been written previous to the last assizes, and successfully combats the unfair attempt made to turn public attention from the subject of tithes, by recriminations about rents and county taxes; "the one," says the writer, "a heavy tax, laid on industry and agriculture, the tenth, not of the *produce* but of the *profit* of the farmer: to pay a clergy, who do not *always* perform their part of the compact, by doing what they are paid for; the other (county tax) a fluctuating tax laid on the people by themselves for the good of the community at large; a taxation falling on the richer, and flowing immediately into the pockets of the poorer, eventually tending much to the civilization and improvement of the country, by facilitating communication, by public buildings, and by public institutions; a tax necessarily encreased by a war, as far as relates to the support of the families of the militia; in short it is a tax hitherto paid without a murmur, and levied without oppression."

Although we are far from denying that jobbing exists in many instances in presentments of grand juries (indeed we know they often do exist, and that they bear hard on the poorer landholder) yet we are decidedly of the judgment, that the attempt to involve the subject of tithes with this extraneous matter, was merely to lead away from the investigation of the mode in which tithe had been collected in some parishes in that county, and as a departure from fair reasoning deserves reprobation.

The author pleads only for a change in the mode of the payment of tithes; he says, "they were the institutions of *man, and have grown rank by the cultivation of man.* They may still answer the purpose of their institution as to the support of the clergy, and become oppressive and *intolerable* to the people, in the mode of exaction; and when the people think they have become so, they have a right to ask redress in a constitutional manner; in that way they now complain, and in that way they now ask redress; and the people seldom complain without reason, and ought never to be heard without attention."

Several instances are adduced to show by what means ingenuity has been exerted to lay aside bargains for tithes, when they are supposed by the incumbent, to become disadvantageous to him, to which the writer adds, "The Bishops approve of, or at least are silent on, such occasions: they sit unmoved at such transactions."

The subject of tithes is of the highest importance to the welfare of this country. May it be often brought into

public view, and discussed with diligent attention and firmness, though with great calmness and moderation!

K.

Odes Choires de Horace traduites en vers Francois pas Mons. de Montville professeur de langue François, 2 tom. p.p. 406. Dublin, Downes, 1808.

A FRENCH translation of Horace, written and published in Dublin should attract our attention from its novelty. Our attention will be arrested when we find that the translation has been executed not without some degree of merit; and that the writer, though he has by no means completely succeeded by producing a version in all points worthy of the original, has demonstrated the practicability of what M. Dacier supposed impossible, the giving a poetic dress in the French Language to the prince of Roman Lyrists. Such an attempt if executed with any degree of ability is highly praise-worthy: for it must be the opinion of every one who has read a prose translation of a poet, that it gives no idea of the real beauties of the original. It is a lifeless corpse, a body without a soul; we may observe the proportion of the parts, nay we may have a better opportunity of discovering the internal mechanism, the artful arrangement and adaptation of the several members which produce such powerful effects on our minds, but we vainly look for that living principle, that spark of divinity, which gave life and spirit, and grace to it when living. To be convinced of this, we need but compare Macpherson's prose translation of the Iliad, with that of Pope or even of Cowper.

The work before us is a selection of some of the Odes of Horace; such perhaps, as most accorded with the writer's taste, or appeared to him best fitted to assume a modern habit. But before entering on any investigation of their merits, it may not be improper to mention the cause of their being written, for this should justly have some weight in determining our opinion of their merits. In doing this we give the author's own words. "While I was spending some time with a friend, at a dinner which followed the examination of the literary progress of his young pupils, whom he is preparing with the most attentive care for the fulfilment of the different duties which they will have hereafter to perform in the world, and whom he retains in the bounds of respect and duty, by a gentle discipline, which makes a much greater impression on the youthful heart, than a forbidding austerity; at this dinner, at which my friend as usual presided with the politeness and affability of a man of the world, I was asked to sing. As I was a stranger, though able to express my thoughts with fluency and correctness in English, I thought that a song in that language would possess little beauty in my mouth, and I knew that a French song would afford but little entertainment to a great part of the company. I therefore proposed *to sing an Ode of Horace.* My offer was unanimously accepted; a Horace was produced; and then *inter pocula* (over our cups) as the greater part of these charming and sublime songs have been composed, I sung some of my favourites; among the rest, *Jam satis terris;* and *Odi profanum vulgus.* The next morning, still inspired by my friend's excellent wine, and by the enthusiasm which the divine strains of that sweet writer had inspired the preceding evening, I attempted to translate some of them, particularly the two just mentioned; and on reading them, I judged them to possess sufficient merit to venture to show them to my friend and to another person of equal respectability, who, to use the words of my author is perfectly *doctus sermonis utriusque linguæ.* Both these, with several others, expressed their lively approbation of my *coup d'essai,* and assured me that if I did not continue the translation, they could attribute it to nothing but the most culpable indolence. Such encouragement induced me to attempt the work, and about the beginning of last October, I began my translation regularly."

With such motives for writing